## THE SECOND CORPS IN THE WILDERNESS

Vivid Pictures of Fighting-No Time to Wash Faces in Two Days-A Horrible Battlefield.

BY KENT BISWELL,

hunceflorsville and the death

mass Tavern, and a short time previous had awaited at Mine Run the attack that never came from this same srmy. On May 4 the corps was ordered to advance down the Turnpike Road. The march was as usual—march an hour and rest ten minutes. The region we were passing through was sparsely settled. There was no cavalry in sight, nor artillery—nothing to indicate we were hunting trouble. About 5 o'clock we begun to march more slowly, moving a short distance at a time, stopping, then moving on again. This always denoted the presence of the enemy. Conversation ceased; every soldier became alert and watching every sign. We were fully an hour marching a mile. Night was approaching. There was no firing of any kind, simply silonce, and we soon moved to the side of the road and went into bivouac, making our pullets on the ground, with the bright sturs for a covering, and went to sleep, "never thinking of the was reasoned." marching a mile. Night was approaching. There was no tiring of any kind, simply silence, and we soon moved to the side of the road and went into bivouse, making our pallets on the ground, with the bright sture for a covering, and went to sleep, "never thinking of the morrow."

At daylight on the morning of the 8th we were on the pike road, ready to move; directly we began to move, but in a slow, searching way, so continuous as to be almost unbearable. We knew the reason. The enemy was near our front, and

was near our front, and we were look-ing for a position. Not a gun could be heard nor any one be seen. We had heard nor any one be seen. We had entered the Wilderness. There was an open road on which we were moving and to right and left an impenetrable

and to right and left an impenetrable jungle.

All was silence, save a slight wind moaning among the irrectops, as if sighing for what was so soon to take place. Still moving, slowly, cautiously, the line kept on. It was terribly trying on the nerves; worse than if actually fighting, and if one's nerves; worse than if actually fighting, and if one's nerves; worder turned against one's self. It was under just auch circumstances, as fear, if it ever comes, is always just previous to a fight. The first gun dispels all fear, and action follows. Moving down the reads perhaps a half-mile, we moved off on right in line of battle. How we tore through the bushes and growth I cannot say. Advancing rapidly, we suddenly halted. In less than five minutes every man know that we were nearlied with the read we had been marching on, and reason told us we should be at right angles. We were on extreme left of

that you could not see into ten feet. We made no question; we had been Ewell succeeded to the command of events. It soon came, With no sound distinguished courage and ability rear, where we had just came from. While not possessed of the dash of lackson, he was more prudent, perhaps, cover lacking, however, in successfully arrying out all orders given him by discribed and wounded. The bullots continued comparing out all orders given him by discribed and wounded. The bullots continued comparing out all orders given him by discribed and be simplified, so we moved up to the line to our colors and halted. But lets still came, apparently from the rear, so we continued moving up the line (telescoping, it is called); still in other discribed and wounded. Slowly we seem to be so richly desires. At Gettys, where the strategy of our chief and ded additional lustre to his fame, cannot be so richly desires. At Gettys, where the strategy of our chief and ded additional lustre to his fame, covered with old broom sage, since it is a limb above the knee if Jackson's Welley campaign is 1862), and very some and to charge him. A sixteendant of the covery widow Brown ever made up her very lacking and the deliverable and beginning to the following the properties of the series of the army why the stone of the army why the sound of the properties of the series of the army why the stone of the army why the series of the army why the series of the army why the stone of the army why the series of the army the series of the arm

le was brave, and from that moment had my highest regard. Resting a few minutes, I began looking for that lost brigade. I went to the brow of the brigade. I went to the brow of the bill, and everybody was at work digging and building breastworks; tin cups, the plates, pocketknives, table knives, bayonets—anything that would knives, bayonets—anything that would how the hard earth yielded to willing bands. Going up the line, I found my captain srecting me. "Where the thunder have you been?" I explained, "Urraing to the orderly, he said: "Send word back that Bisell is not killed as reported." This was the second time such a reportly, he said: "Send word back that Bisell is not killed as reported." This was the second time such a reportly, he said: a terrible charge of the enemy, who was a signal for a charge, a night what few we had built, and repulsed a terrible charge of the enemy, who was before we knew it, as we could not see ten feet ahead of us. Ten minutes later we were rushed to the left of the pike road to aid Gordon, who was being charged there. Repulsing the enamy there, we rushed back to our old position, just in time to repulse a charge ceing made there. Repulsing continually for an hour. At short range we were again hastily ordered to said Gordon, who was again hastily ordered to said Gordon, was dark here. Against the continued to the best advantage. The Second Corps and the corps where the care the best advantag

iem, but volley after volley of mus them, but voley after volley of inus-ketry repulsed the charge. As they retreated the skirmish line followed them, and we were free to care for our killed and wounded. About an hour later, Major Nash, commanding the sharpshooters, sent back to double sharpshooters, sent linck to double the sharpshooting line. This called for two more men from each company, and my name was called.' I tried to beg off, but could get no one to take my place. About 200 yards out we had captured the enemy's breastworks, and our skirmlishers were using them. Major Nash said the enemy had disappeared from our front, and we were to go forward and develop them. I knew this meant a rapid advance, and posti-bly a very rapid retreat. We began to a cross-country road. Here the major halted the line, saying we were to hold this road at all hazards, and Waiting half an hour. I began to hook around, and found I did not know a man present save this officer a North Carolinian. I had gotten out of line in the charge, felt sure my brigade in the charge felt sure my brigade in the charge felt sure my brigade in the charge felt sure my b

bathes and growth I cannot say. Adbushes and growth I cannot say. Advancing rapidly, we suddenly halted.

In less than two minutes every man
knew that we were not in right position; we were parallel with the
road we had been marching on, and
reason told us we should be at right
eagles. We were on extreme left of
eagles. We were on extreme left of
eagles. We were on extreme left of
eagles. The structure of the breakworks a builet grazed my shoulbreath was coming from the roof of
the roof of
the roof of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I could see no line
brow, of the hill. I, could see no line
brow, of the hill. I, could see no line
brow, of the hill. I, could see no line
brow, of the hill. I, said and firing back. Checking the
content of the provided with
left simply rolled over the breastworks
turning, and firing back. Checking the
common, skirmlahins, then at close
continued balance of day. When
ourselves, and stand sround. Major
ourselves, and stand sround. I awde:
it is simply rolled over the breastworks
told
Comes to pass however so eld."

Consequently, after any distinctive
of consequently. It is was, or rather had been man, and
our standard ou

fast as I could, I explained the situation, told him we had captured two
tion, told him we had captured two
cannon and the gully was full of
cannon and the gully was full of
our men. I was hunting my brigade.

They were camped in a dense wood

They were camped in a dense wood

They were camped in a dense wood

wooden cradle, but not one of us seemto tell you about it.

"Had she accepted a satch
or heard the cry of a cock when it
or heard the cry of a cock when it
or heard the cry of a cock when it
or heard the cry of a cock when it
weeks to get up this entertainment.

Always when I awoke Quetta we
sleepless. Afterwards I got bold
standing by the bedpost on my gran He said my brigade was over on the riskin; to get behind a tree and rest and join my brigade. I found a tree and rest and join my brigade, I found a tree some distance back, and, felling behind it, smiling at General Rodes telling me to get behind a tree. As Rodes left me, riding to brow of mill. I leved at 12 celock, and was promised his face blanched white, but he never hesitated. Bullets were flying like hall; he had heard them before, and must see what was going on the hill that tree I had been firing a few was brave, and from that moment had my highest regard, hesting a few was only about fifty yards out, but I a vidette can never of pine. For the entertainment they out down 275 pine trees about twelve inches in diameter and raised them about fourteen inches from the ground, and these logs gave a seating capacity for about 2,00. Then the study was frequently the case. I asked to be relief. Pointing to the top of a certific property of the risk of the first never at intervals, say of twenty to when yield the addince warm, for the weather was only about fifty yards out, but I was only about fifty yards out, but I from toof pine. For the entertainment they out down 275 pine trees about twelve inches in diameter and raised them about fourteen inches from the ground, and these logs gave a seating capacity for about 2,00. Then the stage was freeded. For miles around and norrowed shell the addince warm, for the weather was only about fifty yards out, but I from they can be provided and the property in the other lines and remains until rectified on the other lines and own about fourteen inches in dameter and raised them about fourteen in

Christmas in the Army.
(By Captain N. W. West, of North Carolina.)
"In January, 1862. Manly Battery was encamped in North Virginia. Within a mile of our encampinent was four companies of the Washington Artillery. On Christmas night they

along in her skimp cotton frock until she got out of sight.

The next day company came for

laugh. When the death knell peals within my ear, I am afraid; I pray. Places must pessens age before they can claim the privilege of a ghost. They must have the dust of years in the garreta and old things about her fore the disembedied will hence them. Wheever could imagine a ghost in a glit chair or a folding bed? They haunt mellow places, and fit about wainscoted rooms, and dart up broad stairways over which a century or more has rolled.

Virginia has ghosts, but not one instance exists of a new house holding one. There must be time enough for history, ere mystery will prevail.

explorer of mental therapeutics—affirms without hesitation that "impalpable shapes resembling persons deceased do from time to time appear
to the living." This fact, more simply put, was impressed upon my mind
in the years of my adolescence by the
colored folk in whom then I had more
faith than, probably, I now have in
this eminent psychical authority.

After my first six yours of existence

After my first six years of existence After my first six years of existence I was promoted from the nursery to my grandmother's chamber, from a truckle-bed to a carved tester, to which I climbed nightly over four polished mahowany steps. There I lay watching the leaping shadows on the wall and listening to the smothered conversation of "Quetta" and "Tildy"; the former former, my grandmother's mald; the latter, mins. They didn't mean me to hear, but my ears were sharp.

One cold night, the

One cold night, the sleet was rat-tling against the shutters and the we-men were whispering by the fre. "Dilsey, Jack's gwine way fum us," Quotta deposed. "How so?" Tildy usked.

"How so?" Tildy usked.

"She's ill sick, and she done feel her sickness comin' on her some time. She cum to me one mornin' an' she say: 'Goed mornin', Quetta, how you feel?' 'I don' feel so goed, Sis Dilsey.' I say: 'How you feel?' 'Lord, Quetta, she say,' I gwine have a spell. I done dream a woman cum to me twice an' han' me a satchel.'

"You sho' ain't take it, Sis Dilsey?' I axed.

"'Yes I is, Quetta, an' each time de woman giv it to me she say, 'I—are—

yes I is, Quette, an each time de woman giv it to mo she say, "I—are— the—sting—of—death."
"'Umph, Sis Dlisey.' I say, 'that's a sure sign, and the wors kind, 'cause

a sure sign, and the wors kind, 'cause I know, Tildy, when she tell me she had took that satchel she was gwine ter die, an' just like I tell you 't's so, Dilsey is ill sick. She gwine way fum us." The next day Dilsey died and there

was a weird fescination in the sight of the plantation carpenter fashioning poor Dilsey's coffin. They had a wake. of course, and sang with quavering variations:

"Hark! from the tomb, a mournful Mine ears attend the cry."

standing by the bedpost on my granda quough to peep through the cat hole in the garret door if the sun was shining, and once i crept up by myself and looked at the funny little cradie.

"Let's burn it up, mammy," I ventured to suggest after a night of violent rocking.

"No—no," she answared, "'Tis ole miss' repentance. She got to cum en rock 'fore she gits good and settled up yonder. She lef' her chile—you see."

standing by the bedpost on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured, as I quite comprehended from Quetta's expression that to be through wis very nice, and as she pointed to the window I jumped up and went to wards it.

There was Tildy, below, surrounded by men and women, shaking hymnia women, shaking by the bedpost on my granda mother's side, and Tildy by the post on my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured, as I quite comprehended from Quetta's expression that to be through wis very nice, and as i raised myself up and wish post of the bed.

I quite side, and Tildy by the bedpost on my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured, as I quite comprehended from Quetta's expression that to be through wish or post of the bed.

I quite suptured the post of the bed.

I quite suptured the post of the bed.

I quite side, and Tildy by the bedpost on my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured to my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured to my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured to my side of the bed.

One morning my post had no suptured to my side of the bed.

One morning my post had

omerged therefrom and went skipping up the read.

She was about two hundred yards shead of us. Her hair was red and bebbed saily as she ran along, and the blues and greens of her plaid freek were very plain.

Her mother called her lustily, and was most indignant at her disobedience.

None of the party could understand

she darted into the woods and di When we returned home El

was behind the blue and gold curtain, her sunny head upon the window seat and her eyes closed.

Her mother chiled her for her decoption, but soon secured ample proof that Ellen Byrd had never moved from her,

I suppose her desire to be with the

party was so strong that it projected a telepathic vision on the country

The gentlemen lifted their hats, and I called: "You are back seems, and

The gentlemen lifted their hats, and I called: "You are back sooner than you expected!" The occupants of the carriage seemed not to hear, but drove very rapidly past.

The courthouse—a one street village—was in sight. There was no turn of the road before it was reached. We saw the carriage roll into the village, and my husband suickened his need for

and my husband quickened his pace, for he was confident that Mr. Hinkle wished to see him; but the carriage had not topped, nor had it been seen by of the half-dozen loungers who about the streat.

In the mouth of three witnesses was

this fact established. There was no mistaking the carriage or the Hinkles, for the land was flooded with a noon-

for the land was flooded with a noon-day sun.

Who can explain it?

Mr. Hinkle was on his way to Phila-delphia at that particular moment to meet his wife and daughters, who were in that city.

Last August (1968) I had the experi-

Last August (1906) I had the experience of seeing a young man, perfectly distinctly, in a different spot from
that in which he really was.
A friend asked me to play bridge
upon a certain night. I was already
engaged to pay a short visit to a neighbor, but I agreed to play if a young
man of our acquaintance could not.
This young man—Edguard Bertaley.

This young man-Edmund Berkeley-when asked to play raplied that he had a business engagement would certainly detain him us o'clock. If no later he would

around.

My visit to my neighbor lasted until about 0, and ss I passed my friend's house she was standing at an open window, the room was brilliantly lighted, and Edmund Berkeley in a well known light gray suit stood beside er.
"As Edmund hav come, I will go
ome." I called as I reached the win-

home." I called as I reached the win-dow.
"Edmund is not here," she answered

"Up der." She pointed to the garret.
"Twas my marster's—yo' grandpa's
ma. She lef' her leetle baby one co-old winter night, en she went to Marse
Jeems Dabney's pa's to a party. De
chile had de croup—en he was dade
when she cum back. He was sick
fore she went. She moaned, on she
pined, an she she died. Den de rockin.
"Cy" (her husband) have seen hiv, en
we all kin see her now if we go p de
garret. "Bip! bip! hip!" went the old

"My pent up emotion found vent in
moaned.
"If she just hadn't takdow.
"Edmund is not here." she answered
—and sure enough, in a twinkling
"Change and sure enough, in a twinkling
"Tors but she did!" was Tildy's
rather condomnatory answer.
"Sekling." Erstwhile a joyous handmaiden,
now her face was ashen, her steps
show, her silence sitogether depressting. For months she scarcely ate or
garret. "Bip! bip! bip!" went the old
sleyt. "Was she going to die?" I

## BaThe Times Pispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

Always at Christmas tide it is our custom to give sometains different from our usual genealogy. On several Christmas, we have gone back into far back periods and given a picture of old Christmas parties. We have done this so often that we are going to change our custom to-day and tell what we can find about Virginia ghosts. There are not as many as we should like to lind, but we are going introduce them to our readers at the Virginia Ghasts. introduce them to our readers at the season when ghosts should walk about, even if they don't.

Ghosts, of Old Virginia.

Ghosts, of Old Virginia.

Some are born to see ghosts come into this strange world by way of a tester bed in a hig room in a rambling country house. There is a house which faces the bold York River, in Gloucester county, and the lawn is bounded on one side by Werocomoco Bay—on which (we maintain) onco stood old Poetal roll, wirefam in which Poca-

it my vision was to relate it, ere I broke my fast.
One Friday my mother left me for all night, the very first time f had been different so long bereft of her presence. She coming back on Saturday. Friday was coming back on Saturous, Friday night I decained that my grandfather came in his "sulky" in the early morning to tell me that my mother was soick she could not return that day. "Manuny," I called before light. "I dreamed mama was sick and couldn't came him."

come home."
"Dere, now!" deposed the sable oracle who seemed never to slumber nor sleep who seemed never to slumber nor sleep, "en she is-I lay. Ain't I tell you 'bout telling Friday-night dreams 'fore you eat? You mustnt disremember, chile."

The dream came too true, my mother was very ill and stayed away a long time, and superstition gained a strong foothold in my young faith.

My first ghost was a queer one-rather night it be called the embodiment of vicious materiality. Wen I

rather might it be called the embodi-ment of vicious materiality. When I was a little girl and holding tight my mammy's hand I was going through the great drawing-room about dusk. "Dur it is—fore Gord!" my mammy said as we sourried along over the rose-strewn campet. "De beas! de beas!—eyes ahind and eyes afore!" Crouched by the window was a crea-

Crouched by the window was a creature of abnormal size and shape and very torrible. His coat was yellowish and shaggy, and from its great head gleamed two glaring eyes which glittered over the darkness of the big room. The heast kept still, but my hair arose and my feet turned to lead. I can see it plainly now, and there is no explanation, try I never so hard to find it.

One night as we played in our fire lit nursery there was a sound over-head. We looked at the "oracle" and she answered: "Po ole miss—she are tookin' her chile."
We get very close together. "Where,

"Up dar." She pointed to the garret